

# The Diverting Post.

From Saturday November 4, to Saturday November 11, 1704.

## A SONG on St. CECILIA's-Day, Being the 22d. Instant.

Admirably Set by Mr. H. Hall of Hereford.

**F**rom the bright Mansions of the blest above  
Where all is Harmony and Love,  
Vouchsafe Cecilia to Descend and bear  
The Musick of this lower Sphere:  
Bring Purcell to Instruct us how we may  
With so much Art both Sing and Play;  
You main't Repent your Stay:  
Purcell that Everlasting Name,  
The Darling and the last of Fame!  
Purcell that by a Pow'r Divine  
Wrought Miracles, to serve the Nine:  
To rapid Poesie could new Spirit give,  
And make dead Words to breath and live:  
What Magick does in Charming Musick dwell?

Musick that can compell

Discord to be

Good Company,

And Frame a Heaven out of Hell:

That does a cheerful Welcome find,  
With all but the sow'r Out-laws of Mankind;  
Whose Savage Tempers nothing can Compose  
To Nature and to charming Musick, Foes:  
Whilst we our Strings and Voices raise,  
To sing Divine Cecilia's Praise,  
Hark! how the Air is sweetly Broke,  
When Her, or Purcell we Invoke?  
Give the mighty Bard his due,  
For Purcell is your Patron too;  
While all dissolv'd in Melody and Love,  
Just as he Sang below now Sings above.

### Grand CHORUS.

Come then your Strings and Voices raise,  
To sing Divine Cecilia's Praise,  
Hark! &c.

## An Old Knight, to a Young Lady.

By Sir J. B.

**M**Adam, your Beauty, I confess,  
May our young Gallants wound or bless,  
But cannot warm my frozen Heart,  
Not capable of Joy or Smart,  
Cause neither Wit, nor Looks, nor Kindness can  
Make young a Superannuated Man.

Those Sparks that every Minute fly  
From your bright Eyes do falling die,  
Not kindle Flames, as heretofore,  
Because Old, I can love no more:  
Beauty on wither'd Hearts no Trophy gains,  
For Tinder over us'd, no Fire retains.

If you'll indure to be admir'd  
By an Old Dotard new inspir'd,  
You may enjoy the Quintessence  
Of my past Love without Expence,  
For I can wait and prate, I thank my Fate,  
I can do all, but no new Fire Create.

## AN EPIGRAM on Apicius, Wounded in his old Age by Love.

**H**oary Apicius like Sicilia's Mount,  
Tho' Winter Veils its venerable Front,  
Tho' its grave Head is cover'd o'er with Snow,  
Yet labours with incessant Fires below.

## A RIDDLE.

**T**here is a little Thing which is in divers Lands,  
It teacheth many People, that little Understands;  
It is in many Countries, but not in Earth or Sea;  
Its in all sort of Timber, but not in any Tree;  
Its red, black, white or colour'd as you please,  
Its never out of employ, yet always is at ease:  
Its in all sorts of Mettals, but yet as I am told,  
Its not in Silver, Brass, Iron, Lead nor Gold:  
Wild Africa this Wonder wants, and so doth Asia,  
But as Travellers report its in America:  
England cannot show it, but as some Men say,  
I'th Liberty of Westminster they see it e'ry day:  
In Amsterdam its common, yet Holland wants it still;  
It is in e'ry Mountain, but not in any Hill;  
Germany enjoys it, but yet in France and Spain,  
In Portugal and Poland, to seek it is in vain:  
Altho' you never think on't, its never out of Mind;  
And in its proper place you may it ever find:  
It is not in Harry Johnson, but Tom that is his Man  
This rarity has got, come tell it if you can.

These



These VERSES were made at *Paris*,  
on the F. K. and Dedicated to the  
Dauphin.

Seigneur! entends nos Voix de ton Sejour heureux,  
Daigne exaucer nos Vœux.  
Remplis nostre grand Roy de ta vive Lumiere,  
Soumets a son Pouvoir la Terre toute entiere:  
Comme elle n'a qu'un Dieu, qu'elle n'ait plus qu'un  
Roy.  
Tu regneras par luy, comme'il regne par toy.

*From these bright Regions with thy Presence Bless'd,  
Hear Lord! our Prayers, with ardent Hearts address'd.  
To our great King impart thy Light Divine,  
And to his Empire all the Earth assign:  
That as one God, so but one King may be,  
Then shalt thou reign by him, as he doth reign by thee.*

A New SONG Setting to Musick,  
which is shortly to be Sung at a Con-  
sort in York-Buildings.

I Did but look and love a while,  
'Twas but for one half Hour;  
Then to resist I had no Will,  
And now I have no Power.

To sigh and wish is all my Ease,  
Sighs which do Heat impart,  
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,  
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

When first I made my self your Slave,  
And subject to your Will,  
I thought you had the Power to save,  
But not the Heart to kill.

O! would your pity give my Heart  
One Corner of your Breast,  
'Twould learn of you the winning Art,  
And Quickly steal the Rest.

By Mr. Henry Hall made and Set  
to Musick.

Lucinda has the De'il and all,  
Of that bright Thing we Beauty call;  
But if she won't come to my Arms,  
Why, what care I for all her Charms,  
Beauty's the Sauce to Love's high Meat,  
But who minds Sauce that must not eat?  
It is indeed a mighty Treasure,  
But in the using lies the Pleasure;  
Bullies thus that only see't,  
D—n all the Gold in Lombard-Street.

On Wednesday last Cha. Churchill Esq;  
General of Her Majesties Foot; who so  
signally behav'd himself at the Battel of  
Blenheim, was introduced into Her Pre-  
sence and had the Honour to kiss Her  
Hand, he was receiv'd with particular  
Marks of Distinction, agreeable to the  
greatness of his Conduct and extraor-  
dinary Service.

Her Majesty has been pleas'd to make  
Brigadier Meredith one of Her Equer-  
ries; having been pleas'd often to de-  
clare, that she would preferr those Com-  
manders, who distinguish themselves in  
that most memorable Battel.

Her Majesty has been pleas'd to con-  
fer on Joseph Addison Esq; the Place of  
Mr. John Lock lately Deceas'd, being  
one of the Commissioners of Appeals.  
His Poem on the famous Battel of Blen-  
heim, printed by Jacob Tonson, is now  
in the Press, and will be publish'd by  
the latter end of next Week.

The Right Honourable the United  
Company Trading to the East-Indies,  
have elected Alexander Prescott Esq; to  
be their chief Agent for Ispahan the  
Capital City of Persia; he is a Person  
highly Qualified for that honourable Im-  
ploy; having long resided both at Con-  
stantinople and at Ispahan: He carries  
with him several Extraordinary Presents  
for the Sophy of Persia; and sets out  
for that Country towards the latter end  
of February next.

On Monday next, at the new Theatre  
in Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields, will be re-  
presented a short Tragedy, call'd Zel-  
meyna; or the Corinthian Queen: With  
a Farce annexed to it. The Farce of  
the Biter, which was intended to be  
perform'd this Week, is not to be Acted  
till next. Mr. Betterton play'd last  
Wednesday the Part of Sir John Fal-  
staff, to the General Applause of the  
Audience. This day Mr. Estcourt plays  
the Part of Antonio the Senator, in Venice  
Preserv'd.

A choice Collection of Lessons being  
excellently set to the Harpsichord, by  
the Two great Masters Dr. John Blow,  
and the late Henry Purcell. viz. Old  
Simon the King; Moteleys Maggot;  
Mortlacks Ground; and several others.  
Sold at all Musick Shops in Town.  
Price 2s.

Proposals for the Relief of the Aged;  
the Educating of Youth, the Punishing of  
Vagrants, the Circulating of Money and  
the Encrease of Trade, are to be had at  
Mr. Sheffield's Coffee-House in the Tem-  
ple-Change in Fleetstreet; and at Mr.  
Morrices at the Turk's-Head in Essex-street  
in the Strand.

If any Gentlemen of the Universities or o-  
thers have any Copies of Verses, or any thing,  
that is fit to be printed in this Paper, let them  
send them to Ben. Bragg the Publisher; and  
they shall be incerted, provided they are not  
too long.